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By Suisai Ito.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Hatching Victrola Chickens.

BY ANNIE E. MYRICK.

"PEACE on earth, and good-will!
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off infinite bliss!"

said Helen Taine softly as she sat on the big third-floor balcony watching a gorgeous June sunset.

"Good gracious, Helen, what are you talking about now?" exclaimed the fair-haired girl sitting in the comfortable steamer-chair next to hers.

"I'm trying to live up to Alice Freeman Palmer's three rules of happiness, Rose," replied Helen, with a smile. "Ever heard of them?"

"Never, but I'd like to know what they are."

Helen looked dreamily across the river to the beautiful Pennsylvania mountains beyond and said: "The first is this: 'Commit to memory every day a pretty bit of a poem or a Bible verse.' That's the reason I seized this volume of Sir Edwin Arnold's poems and brought it up here to learn what you just heard me saying. You see I was so busy at the business college to-day that I forgot all about the three rules of happiness until after supper when I was coming up to the balcony.

"The second is, 'Look for something pretty

every day, and don't skip a day or it won't work.' So I'm up here admiring this beautiful sunset with you.

"The third rule is: 'Do something for somebody every day.' You'd better try them, Rose."

"What have you done for anybody to-day?"

"Nothing as yet," confessed her companion.

"Suppose you take these basting threads out of Miss Mozart's new gymnasium suit for me," suggested Rose as she threw it at her. "You ought to thank your lucky stars that you're a business college girl instead of a poor dressmaker like me. While you're doing that I'll just run into Alice Arthur's room, and tell her to copy that song she sang at the banquet of the Glad Club last night. They composed it when they were camping out up at Canton last summer. I'm going to try the three rules of happiness myself, and my first poetic gem shall be Alice Arthur's song."

After a few minutes Rose returned with a piece of paper in her hand, from which she chanted loudly:

"See those ducks out there at play,
Out there upon the bay,
See how they swim,
See how they tee-ter-totter,
Don't you think they hadn't oughter
On the Sabbath Day."

"Rose, I don't believe the 'Princess of Wellesley' ever meant you to learn anything like that," objected Helen, "because it's neither classical nor religious."

"I don't see anything wrong with that piece," argued Rose, shaking her golden head. "Alice sings it to a hymn tune, and that's religious anyway."

"Where are you going to find something pretty?" asked Helen, dropping the argument abruptly.

"I ran into Miss Mozart on the stairs, and she's about as pretty to look at as anything in this town, so she'll do for that,—but such a disposition! She asked was I ever going to finish that red silk gymnasium suit of hers that you're working on now, you obliging lamb. Really, for a minister's daughter, Miss Mozart is dreadfully impatient. And worldly minded, —oh my! She keeps me busy half the time making new clothes for her or fixing over the old ones."

"She's the best physical director we ever had in this Young Women's Christian Association, and the girls all love her, even if she does nearly take our heads off once in a while," said Helen, loyally.

"I've just thought of something lovely for you and me to do for somebody," exclaimed Rose as she sprang up. "You remember that nice French girl who used to board here at the Y. W.? Well, she's so lame from rheumatism that she can't work any more in the silk mill, and she's staying with her married sister near here, so I thought it would be nice if we went to call on her and cheer her up."

"I never know what to say to sick folks," objected Helen, looking alarmed at the prospect, "and I don't know Elva Boudria so very well anyhow."

"I know what we can do. Take that little Victrola of yours under one arm, and I'll carry the new records you bought lately, and we'll cheer Elva up with some music."

Helen consented, and after selecting her favorite records they started off.

"I wish I could think of some way to earn some money," she remarked on the way. "I'm just wild to go on that personally conducted tour of Historical and Literary New England with Miss Janice Griffith the last of August, but I know Mother can't afford it for me just now."

"We'll think of some way before August to raise that money," prophesied Rose. "Maybe I'll go along too if I'm economical enough."

On their arrival at their destination Elva

greeted the girls and Victrola with open arms, and enjoyed the records thoroughly.

"I get so tired of playing the same records over and over that I really spend more than I should buying new ones," remarked Helen as she took "Love Watches Over All" from the machine and put on "Santa Lucia."

"I read of a library out West," said Elva, "where they exchange records and player-piano rolls at the library, just the same as they do books."

"I wish they did it in this town," said Helen, wistfully.

"Why don't you do it yourself?" asked Elva. "You have no end of lovely records, and you could charge two cents a day for the rent of them as they do for the books in the Otto Loan Library. You know there are hundreds of girls in this city who feel the same need for a variety of records, and don't have the money to spend for them as you do."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Rose, hugging the daughter of France impulsively. "That's the way to make your money to go to New England, Helen, you child of grace!"

After an animated discussion they decided to put up a notice on the bulletin-board in the lobby of the Y. W. C. A. telling the public of the new enterprise, and also a notice in the business college.

As they were leaving, Helen kissed the French girl and said, "I've enjoyed this visit with you so much, Elva, and I'm very grateful for your suggestion about the records."

Upon reaching their temporary home the girls wrote the notice in Helen's room, pinned it up in the lobby, then went to their favorite steamer-chairs on the balcony and discussed the new business while admiring the moon.

"Just think," said Helen, "if they each take one record for a week that will be fourteen cents each, and I have fifty-five records. Let's see, how much is that? Seven dollars and seventy cents, isn't it? And a month will be four times that,—thirty dollars and eighty cents. I just know I'll have enough to take that New England trip!"

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," warned Rose. "It brings bad luck."

"Miss Taine," a deep voice boomed out behind her, "what is the meaning of your notice?"

Both girls jumped as Miss Town, the temporary house director, spoke.

Helen explained the record-loaning scheme to that unsympathetic lady, who said, "When I saw your notice I took it down at once, for I can't have you turning your bedroom into a business office, Miss Taine."

"Isn't she the hateful old thing?" said Rose under her breath, as she shook her fist at Miss Town's departing back.

Helen lamented sadly, "If only Miss Pond were here instead of the present incumbent!"

"Incumbrance, you mean," growled Rose. "Miss Pond is such a dear she would be glad to have me make a little money on the side to see her beloved New England. Isn't it hard luck that she's away on her vacation just when I'm starting my business venture? She's the best house director we ever had in this Association, because she mothers us girls instead of acting as if we were necessary evils."

"I told you not to count your Victrola chickens before they were hatched," Rose reminded her gloomily. "From now on

I shall devote my time to making life a burden to Miss Town, and it's myself knows how to do it. Come on, Helen, let's go to bed and forget our troubles."

The next day at noon Helen was in the big bookstore and Loan Library, talking to the proprietor's genial little wife, and selecting a book from the Library.

"Please give me a nice cheerful book, Mrs. Otto," she pleaded. "I want something to make me forget my troubles."

"Why, Helen, you don't look as if your young life were blighted," laughed Mrs. Otto. "What's the trouble, you angel in the making?"

Thus encouraged, Helen poured forth her woes about the Victrola chickens not hatching as expected, while Mrs. Otto listened sympathetically and said at the conclusion:

"Just wait till I speak to Harry about this," and in a few moments returned with her husband, who offered Helen the use of a corner of the store for the record exchange, rent free, with the agreement that she would help them a little in the store when not busy with her Victrola customers.

Rose rejoiced greatly over this good news when she heard it, and urged Helen to buy some used records from some Victrola owners who were tired of their records and had offered to sell them at half price.

Helen put in such a busy summer, between mastering shorthand and typewriting at the college and running the Victrola business, that she had no time to play any of the pranks that had formerly kept the Association in an uproar.

"I'm so glad that Helen and Rose have found an outlet for their former misdirected energies," confided the physical director to Miss Pond on that lady's return to her duties.

When the last of August came Helen started on the tour of New England, a proud and happy girl when she remembered that she had earned the money for it all herself in her Victrola Exchange.

Lady Slippers.

BY HARRIET IVES.

WHERE did she run in the long ago,
Swift-winged of foot, when fleeing so,
Dainty and light-limbed little lass,
Whose slipper fell on the growing grass?

Fell, and was caught on the earth's brown
clay.

Will she ever know there sprang one day
Fifty-fold more, all gold and green,
Waiting a lass who was no more seen?

Other Things and Yarn.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

RENA came hurrying into the kitchen where her Aunt Betsey Choate was kneading gray dough in a yellow bowl. She had come to Sunbury for the summer vacation and just returned from the village, where she had been about some errands.

"See what a big bundle of yarn Miss Bartlett wanted me to bring here. She said the girls in this part of town need a messenger, so I brought yarn for Jessie and Gwen and Trudy. Can't I ask them to come here this afternoon, and we'll have a lovely time knitting? Really, Aunt

Betsey, they need to be wakened up to a sense of patriotic duty. Gwen said she hadn't done but one pair of wristers since winter."

Aunt Betsey Choate smiled.

"Ask them to come, Rena. You can reach those three houses by the telephone," she said.

"And you'll let us have some of those delicious war cakes for a treat!" declared Rena.

Three different numbers Rena called for at the telephone in her aunt's front hall; three girls she talked with, and after each conversation her bright face was more clouded.

"Not a single girl will come!" she cried to Aunt Betsey with vexed perplexity.

"I wondered how it would be."

"They talked so queerly; they said they were sorry not to come, and they persisted that they wanted the yarn. What's the matter with the Sunbury girls?"

"They aren't lazy, and maybe they're quite awake to patriotic duty. I hope you're Sunbury girl enough to see that they get this yarn promptly."

"Do you mean you think I ought to deliver it at their houses like a common peddler?"

Rena soon concluded that was what her Aunt Betsey expected her to do. There was a big, pretty Indian basket brought from a closet and in that Rena arranged the soft gray yarn for the neighborhood girls. She was brave enough not to question or sulk. The load was not heavy if it was bulky, but to Rena the basket really did seem heavier than the bundle she had brought so enthusiastically from the Red Cross headquarters before dinner. Why should she go trudging over the neighborhood for girls who seemed quite as able to trudge to her?

Soon after dinner Rena started. The sun was hot and the country road was dusty. She carried her own knitting, with the idea of stopping at one house for the afternoon. The vine-covered porch of Jessie's home appeared a most inviting place as Rena made the brass knocker rap-tap on the house door.

"Oh, I'm so glad to have my yarn!" cried Jessie, coming across the yard to greet Rena. She wore an old, wide-brimmed straw hat and a faded gingham dress, and her fingers were stained pink with fruit juice. "I'm picking currants with mother. The boys are helping father in the field this year, so I do the work that would belong to them if there wasn't so much need for every one to do all he can!"

"No wonder you don't have much time to knit!" gasped Rena. "Why didn't you tell me you were doing such a lot?"

Jessie flushed.

"You seemed to think knitting was the only thing we ought to be doing," she said.

"Knitting is one thing!" said Rena.

At the next house where Rena stopped to leave yarn there was another shaded porch, but she had seen Trudy in the garden and ran to ask her where to leave the yarn. Trudy looked up from the onion row she was weeding, and smiled.

"It is lovely of you to bring it, Rena. Now I can start a scarf this evening. I did want to come to your party so much this afternoon, but I weed so many hours every day. I can help enough at light work for father to let one hired man go."

"I don't think you need to feel obliged to find time to knit," cried Rena.

"But I can! There are evenings, and rainy days, and resting times."

Rena stopped with Trudy only long enough to do the yarn errand. A few minutes later she found Gwen feeding the Mitchell chickens.

"Father has been able to raise two hundred more chickens than usual because I help care for them. But I get some knitting done between-times, and right now I can stop a whole hour, so you must stay and show me how to start a sweater. I've wanted some one with time enough to show me how to do that."

Rena went home thoughtfully with her knitting in the bottom of the big basket.

"I was the one who needed waking up!" she told her Aunt Betsey. "Why they are doing such perfectly splendid work and I'd made them feel that I thought knitting was the only thing. I was ashamed of myself!"

"You won't make that mistake again," declared Aunt Betsey. "And the next time it rains we'll have an all-day knitting party in this house!"

An Adventure in the Brookside Meadow Zoo.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

UNCLE OBADIAH didn't know that this old meadow was really the "Brookside Meadow Zoölogical Gardens," or this story might not have happened; if the story had not happened, then to this day Janet and Flora might be remembering that Cousin Jed was the worst tease of any boy who went to the district school; instead of that, they always think of him as a hero.

Before this story happened, there was only one thing in the world that Janet and Flora could do to make him let them alone, and that was to tell him that if he didn't stop whatever he was doing to bother them, they would call him by his full name, Jedediah, before folks. Jed didn't like his full name. After that day, though, when he proved himself a hero, they wouldn't have called him Jedediah, no matter what!

This is the way it came about. Janet and Flora lived in the city except in the summer. Every June, they moved with their family, bag and baggage, to the country, where they lived in a little cottage on Uncle Obadiah's farm. The farm was near enough to town so their father drove to his office every day.

It was a delightful arrangement for all concerned, but to Janet and Flora, every summer was a wonderful experience; every summer gave them a new lot of stories to tell their grandchildren, so they said. Now there was Uncle Obadiah's old meadow that must have been a Zoo since earliest pioneer days; yet no one discovered the fact until Janet and Flora went there to pick flowers. Then the stumps and logs turned into wild animals in captivity. The only animal that ever caused any trouble was a hippopotamus; he was once supposed to be a log.

When the little girls were dancing on his back one day after a hard rain, he rolled over into a grassy pool. When Janet and Flora ran to the house to change their wet clothes after the hippopotamus threw them off his back into the water, their mother laughed and wished to know what else could be expected of a hippopotamus?

The days were never long enough for Janet



By A. E. Sawyer.

The Nest.

THE nest is round and the nest is small,
Dear little circle enclosing all,
All of the joy in the wide world's bound,
Though the nest is small and the nest is round.

The nest is fashioned of common things,
Leaves and grasses and twigs and strings,
Yet never a palace so lordly fine
As the palace fashioned of leaves and twine.

The house had never an architect,
No pother of plans to discuss and select,
But Love was the builder and Love was the plan,
And Love was the competent artisan.

No lease was signed by these happy folk,
No rent was required by their Landlord Oak;
All at no charges, and all of the best—
The world's biggest bargain is surely a nest!

AMOS R. WELLS, in *Life*.

and Flora in their Zoo until that time when Jed turned into a hero before their wondering eyes. That day, one hour seemed a week.

It was like this: The little girls had been playing they were ladies who had never visited a Zoo before. It was great fun. They talked about the beavers and otters down by the brook, and they pretended to be afraid of the lions and tigers. They laughed merrily when they told the giraffe they hoped he would never get so dry and brittle that he would break his neck in the wind some day. They admired the bears and were wishing that the rhinoceros had a better horn on his nose, when they saw an animal moving toward them in a distant part of the Zoo; he was coming toward them fast, with his head down.

"Oh, my sakes alive!" exclaimed Janet, "it is Uncle Obadiah's old sheep!"

It was. Uncle Obadiah didn't know that his meadow was a Zoo or he wouldn't have turned his cross old sheep loose in it, to scare visiting women and children.

"Climb on Jumbo!" Janet exclaimed, "it is our only chance!"

Jumbo had never looked a great deal like an elephant, but he was so big around and tall when he was a stump, that Janet and Flora couldn't reach his top without a box to climb upon; so he was named Jumbo.

"Kick the box away!" suggested Janet, as she helped pull Flora upon Jumbo's back; and Flora did it, just as the old sheep arrived.

It is no use to try to tell how frightened Janet and Flora were while the old sheep banged away at their elephant. That was the time in their lives when half an hour seemed like a week. They called and called and called for help, while the old sheep banged and bumped and bumped and banged against the old stump.

Then came a moment of terror. The old stump shook a little; then it shook a little more.

"Oh, what if he knocks it over!" exclaimed Janet. "Let's call Uncle Obadiah and Jed just as loud as we can roar!"

They did; and Jed, who was plowing a field not far away, heard them and came flying to their rescue. It didn't take him long to unhitch the horse and get on his back after he saw what was the trouble. Then, leaving the meadow gate wide open behind him, over he galloped, gallopy, gallopy, gallopy, straight to the stump.

That was when Jed looked like a hero to the girls, even if his trousers were held up by one suspender and he was barefooted and freckled.

"One of you climb on Ned's back, behind me," he called, "while I keep the old sheep away with my club. Then the other climb on and we'll race the old fellow to the gate! Flora'd better get on first, because she is the littlest—and you both hang on tight!"

By this time both the little girls were crying; but the old sheep was afraid of Jed with his club, so they were soon riding horse-back across the field, gallopy, gallopy, gallopy, gallop, and soon, too, they were looking through the bars at the old sheep. Jed slammed the gate shut, bang! right in his face. The old sheep was surprised.

Jed took the trembling little girls home to their mother, and when she said "I thank you," he said "Don't mention it."

Next day Uncle Obadiah came over and apologized for having turned his own sheep out to pasture in his own meadow. He said that as soon as he found out that that meadow was a Zoo, he went after his old sheep and put him away in another pasture.

"And what do you think!" said Uncle Obadiah, when he started back to work. "Some one has opened an ice-cream stand at the Zoo! I noticed it as I came along 'cross lots! Good-by for now!"

Away went Uncle Obadiah smiling cheerfully, and away went Janet and Flora to the Zoo. Sure enough, they found two dishes of ice-cream, two tin spoons, two pieces of white cake with pink frosting, two sticks of peppermint candy, and two little bags of peanuts waiting for them on Jumbo's back!

How the little girls laughed because Uncle Obadiah didn't know a table for ice-cream from an elephant's back!

Said Janet: "We have a new story to tell our grandchildren, ending it with all about how 'we can taste that ice-cream yet!'"

Said Flora: "Yes, and we'll tell Jed's grandchildren that their grandfather was such a courageous boy! Isn't this ice-cream good!"

The Daughter of the King's Messenger.

BY MARJORIE CARLISLE.

JANITA was a little Swedish girl who lived far, far up in the mountains. Nearly all the time she was very happy, although sometimes she was lonely. She had a little red skirt, and a little red cap, and red mittens, and a nice red coat, to wear when the weather was cold.

One day her father came to her and said, "Janita, I have to go away and leave you alone with your mother."

"O father," said the little girl, "I don't want you to go! Why don't you stay?"

"I must go away to war, and I want to tell you something. Who do you suppose can be King's Messenger and carry the letters when I am gone?"

"Perhaps the little boy down the hill will carry them," said Janita.

"No, he's not the one."

"Then perhaps mother will do it?"

"No, my child, it is you. I leave my work to you. Remember to carry the letters faithfully, no matter what comes. And always think that you are doing it for me."

So Janita promised. The father kissed her and went away, leaving a sad little girl watching him go over the hills.

For a long time all went quietly enough. Janita carried only a few messages, and these came mostly in the daytime. One night a terrible storm was raging. "Oh, I do hope there will not be a message to carry to-night!" said Janita. "Why, I can't see anything from the window! I would get lost!"

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. Before Janita and her mother could open it, a man pushed it open, and fell on the floor, too tired to speak. Janita saw that in his hand he had something big, and white, with a big colored stamp. He was a King's Messenger, and the stamped package held a message that must be carried.

"I believe I'll wait until morning to take it," she said. "I'm sure that will be all right." Then she remembered her father's words: "Think that the King's messages always come first." "Yes, perhaps I'd better go," she said to herself. So she put on her little red hat, her little red coat, and her nice warm, red mittens, and started out.

The wind was blowing very hard. The snow came down so thick that she could scarcely find her way. When she reached the top of the hill Janita was so tired that she said to herself: "I think I'll go back. Yes, I'm sure I'd better. I never can find my way." So she turned back. Soon she thought of her father's words: "Janita, remember, you are my daughter, you are doing this service for me." "No!" she said, "I will go!" and she turned again up the road.

By this time the storm was much worse. She could not see her way at all. She had to feel around for trees and stones to guide her. Her little red mittens were soon torn, and her fingers became so numb and cold and stiff that she could not feel anything. Now she saw an old hut straight before her. "I can't go on in the storm. I'm cold,—I'd better stay here." She had hardly put her foot on the sill, when it seemed to her that she could almost see her father's face and hear him saying, "Remember, you are the King's Messenger now," so she struggled on again.

By the time Janita had reached the churchyard she was so tired that she stumbled against the gate-post and bruised her knees.

Then a great big gust of wind came howling by, just as she had come to the church porch and blew the lantern out. What was she to do? To go back was not to be thought of, for she felt now that the King's message must get to the place it was sent. So she tried to light the lantern again before starting on. "Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "My hands are so stiff that I can't open it." She pulled and pulled, and finally bent over and opened it with her teeth! With her lantern again lighted, she went bravely on. The road was now down hill, and by and by she reached the village, knocked at a certain door, and fell fainting on the floor,—just as the man had done at her house. But the message was delivered!

Perhaps you think this is the end of the story, but it isn't. Oh, no! Two years later, Janita was walking in the streets of a big city with her father. The war was over now, and she felt very happy. She did not have to have her little red coat and mittens this time, for it was spring. As father and daughter went down the street, they met the Prince. Now the Prince had been fighting too, so when he saw a soldier he was always very friendly.

"Well, Captain, I know you are glad the war is over," said the Prince.

"Yes, sir," Janita's father said. "But once I thought we should never come back from war. That was when we feared we couldn't get help. But it came at last."

"Indeed it did," said the Prince. "Our messengers were very quiet and true, and our friends got the letter in time. They tell me it was a young girl who carried it that stormy night."

"It was my daughter," said the Captain, looking proudly at the girl by his side.

Janita blushed and stammered, "I tried to remember that my father was a Messenger too."

"Was it you, you brave girl? How can I thank you—I and Sweden?"

"I did it for my father, who was a King's Messenger," said Janita.

The Prince smiled, drew from his pocket a beautiful silk handkerchief with the arms of Sweden in the corner, and said, "Won't you please take this,—just to remember?"

And she did. She kept it carefully, and always when she did not want to do something she knew she ought to do, she would look at the handkerchief and say, "I am the daughter of a King's Messenger," and then do what she should.

How did I know this? Because I saw the handkerchief myself!

The Picnic.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

WHEE Mildred shook her golden curls until every thread of gold on her small head seemed fairly to quiver. "I just do think," said she, "I'll go a-picnicking!"

She turned to her mother. "Mamma Lee," announced she, "I'm going a-picnicking."

Mother Lee glanced up from her book. "Who with?" she asked.

"Why," the small girl laughed, shaking her curls still harder, "the ants are here! and the squirrels! and the birds! and—guess!"

"I'm sure," smiled her mother, "I never could. Top-Knot's chickens are getting old. And the Little White Hen has gone away."

Mildred jumped up and down. "Butterflies," she cried. "Butterflies! Millions of 'em, Mother Lee!"

She tipped her golden head to one side, and wrinkled her white brow until it looked like a big question-mark. Her lips puckered into a small scarlet knot. "I guess," said she, "I'll want sugar—most a pound of it."

Her mother laid down her book, and went into the pantry. "Suppose," smiled she, "we try a little, first."

When she returned she was carrying a small white plate, with a broad golden band about the edge, on which lay a slice of cake, a few bits of candy, nuts, a little hill of sugar and some cookies. "You see," she nodded, "I know a small girl who will want to eat, as well as feed her guests."

Mildred's cheeks grew as red as a great red rose. Her eyes were as bright as stars. "Oh! oh!" she dimpled, and reaching for the plate flew down the path.

The sun was bright. A few minutes she stood looking about, then started for a far corner of the yard.

Under a great old tree she paused, finger on lips. The leaves rustled softly. "Sweet-heart! sweetheart!" they whispered. A bright-eyed squirrel scampered part-way down its trunk, then stopped and chattered merrily. "Good-morning, little girl," he seemed to say.

Bending, Mildred began to scatter the sugar about. She crumbled the cake into bits and dropped it here and there amongst the sugar. One piece of candy went into her mouth, but the balance she broke into tiny pieces and threw down with the rest. "It's for my picnicking folk," she whispered; and a little bird just above her head began to sing.

Then she piled the nuts close to the trunk of the great old tree, and turning ran to the house.

When she came out again she was carrying a small glass dish filled to the brim with fresh, cool water, which she placed just at the edge of the feast. "I'm sure," said she, "they'll want a drink."

Then she sat down to wait.

A bright-winged bird flew down.

He tipped his little head this way and that, took a bit of cake—another! and then—he took a drink! and then, with great fluttering and spattering, he took a bath!

As soon as he had finished, he balanced himself on the edge of the dish and smoothed down his feathers until they were smooth as smooth as could be. Then he tipped his head jauntily to one side, spread his wings, and with the very sweetest song Mildred had ever heard flew up—up—into the blue. It sounded exactly as if he were saying, "Thank you, little lass. Thank you!"

When he was quite out of sight Mildred turned, just in time to see the squirrel darting up the tree. And from off the pile of nuts, the very biggest one of all had gone!

An army of ants—thousands of them, it seemed to the small, golden-haired girl—were marching in and out in long black lines from ant hill to picnic ground, and from picnic ground to ant hill, each carrying some bit of sugar, or candy, or cake,—one line coming, another going.

Her eyes opened wider, and still wider. She wanted to shout, and jump up and down, and clap her hands. But instead, she sat very still, almost holding her breath.

Another bird flew down—a third—a fourth; then the bright-eyed squirrel made

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The Holy of Holies.

ELDER father, though thine eyes
Shine with holy mysteries,
Canst thou tell what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies?

"Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary."

Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds.

"God Almighty, and with Him
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Filling all eternity—
Adonai Elohim."

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

Jericho, a City that Was.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

"SOME of you have undoubtedly heard of the saying 'from Jericho to June,' meaning a prodigious distance," began Uncle Jim, as his juvenile travelers-by-proxy gathered around his big easy-chair.

"Well, it would be a long journey, geographically, to reach the site of the old Bible city of Jericho, and it would be necessary to roll back the pages of history very far before we could be face to face with the Jericho of old.

"In fact," he continued, "Jericho as a city is a thing of the past, but there is much of interest in and around that part of Palestine where the city stood. To-day, as we journey by donkey or camel over the sandy plains to the north and west of the Dead Sea, we come, some seven or eight miles from that salty body of water, to a small Arab village called Riha, or, as it is sometimes written, Ariha. This stands on or near the site of ancient Jericho, we are told.

"Now if you will get out your Bibles and read the story of Joshua's attack on the city, more than fourteen centuries before the Christian era, you will find an interesting narrative of the destruction of Jericho in a way the writer thought miraculous. For some five centuries after Joshua's men of valor had crumbled into dust, the city lay in ruins, and then came the days of Ahab, when Hiel rebuilt it, and for a time it was again a place of some prominence.

"Then, too, there is the interesting story as told in the tenth chapter of II Samuel about David's servants being sent to Jericho to remain until their beards had grown out again, after they had been shaved one side by Hanun's orders."

"What a funny thing that was to do," remarked Tom. "I've read somewhere about some monks who have their heads shaved, but it is no wonder David had the men go out of sight when they had one side of their beards cut off and the other side left on."

"Well," continued Uncle Jim, "there are monks in the Palestine country, and some of their monasteries are situated in the limestone cliffs not many miles from the site of Jericho. One of these retreats is that named for St. George, who had entered the Roman army as a soldier under the Emperor Diocletian. This Roman ruler, in the latter part of his reign, sanctioned the persecution of the Christians, and when this soldier rebuked him for his cruelty the emperor

ordered his execution. This almost inaccessible monastery in Palestine, where St. George has long been venerated by his followers, is one of the oldest in the world.

"Paths wind up the face of the cliffs to the walls of the monastery, entrance to which is through one narrow doorway, which can be effectually closed to prevent the admission of any undesirable visitors. Crosses marked high up on the limestone strata designate where martyrs have been buried in the years gone by.

"When we speak of Palestine we must remember that with all its history as set out in the Old Testament, and that means the history of Israel, the events all occurred in a territory no larger than our own State of Connecticut, although the whole of Palestine covers about as much area as does New Jersey. Yet within that small extent of country, or adjacent to it, we find such high places as Mount Hermon, with its summit nearly ten thousand feet above sea level, and such low places as the Dead Sea, nearly thirteen hundred feet below sea level.

"To run over the list of places famous in Bible history, all within the borders of Palestine, we must remember Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, Mt. Nebo, the river Jordan, Nazareth, Cana, Sea of Galilee, and so on through.

"With the recent conquest of Palestine by the British all of the remaining ancient cities of that country have been taken from under the Mohammedan rule, and the Jews of this and other countries are already planning for the recolonization of those old places where once their race predominated and ruled. It may be that this advent of new ideas into Palestine, so long asleep after its historic career, may result in once more bringing about the fruitful conditions which once prevailed around the Jericho that was but is no more.

"It has been said that the expression 'a land flowing with milk and honey' aptly describes the best that Palestine as a whole has to offer, for its thin herbage can maintain sheep and goats while the wild flowers and aromatic plants can furnish the necessary food for bees. Palestine cannot, it has been truthfully said, be called a beautiful country, but its richness in historical interest gives

it a charm which draws the traveler, and as its railroad facilities will now be greatly extended under British control the visitors to the Holy Land will grow in number as soon as the world-war ends and people can give their time and attention to other matters than those of a militant nature.

"Then it may come about that some of you will travel by steamer up the Mediterranean Sea to Jaffa, or Joppa, take the train there and travel up the valleys to Jerusalem, and thence go by donkey or camel to the shores of the Dead Sea and up the Jordan, passing the site of Jericho, and on to the Sea of Galilee, and all the other interesting places.

"You may know of the books which travelers so often carry, describing everything of interest in the country which they may be visiting. They are called 'Baedekers,' after the publisher who originated that system of guide-books. I want to suggest that, when you come to travel through Palestine, you be familiar with your Bible, for the stories told in that book will add so much to the knowledge and pleasure you will gain as you go from place to place in that ancient land. Even to-day, while you may be safe at home while the children of other lands are less fortunate, you can keep up with the news of the day in so far as Palestine is concerned by reading your daily paper's news items, with your Bible near at hand."

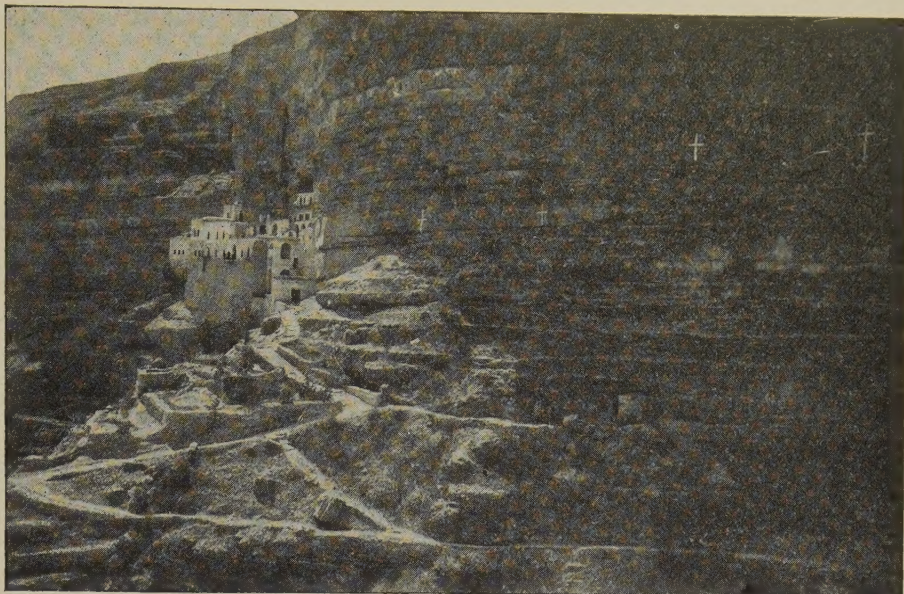
The Forget-me-not.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

I LIKE to think how Jesus played,
A little child like me,
Out in the fields of that far land,
Away across the sea.

But best, of all the lovely flowers,
If there it ever grew,
I know He loved that blossom, pure,
The color of Heaven's blue.

And when the gentle mother called
The Christ Child from His play,
He, bending o'er the little flower,
"Forget me not," would say.



MONASTERY OF ST. GEORGE.
Near the Site of the City of Jericho.

(Continued from page 156.)

a second trip, and *this* time brought his mate; while above, just where the sunshine looked like a great bar of gold, a gorgeous butterfly whirled round and round.

A minute later, with soft *hum-m-m* and *whirr-r-r*, a tiny humming-bird was at her very hand, hovering gracefully over the little patch of tall red and white clover that she so loved; and as she leaned softly forward, the butterfly floated down and lighted on the very tip of her golden head. Then, in a flash, all the ants, the birds, squirrels, and even the leaves and flowers seemed to Mildred to be crying softly, *clearly*, "*Little girl, little girl, we all love you!*"

She drew a long breath of joy, and rising carefully tip-toed up the path to the house.

Throwing open the door she bounced into her mother's arms. "O Mother Lee! Mother Lee!" she cried. "They said they loved me! I'm sure—sure they did!"

Bending, her mother kissed the scarlet lips. "Why not?" smiled she. "I do!"

Small Mildred shook her curls. "It was the very *beautifullest* picanic anybody ever had!" declared she.

My Temple.

BUILDLED of stone shall my Temple be,
Of sturdy Truth and of Honesty.
Over the stone we'll lay the wood
Of Gentleness and Brotherhood.
And purest gold of Reverent Thought
Shall for the altar steps be sought.
Beautiful windows of Faith and Prayer
Shall tell the soul that God is there;
And music of Hope and calm Content
Shall through the temple aisles be sent.
And it shall stand upon a hill
Where God's great Light may shine at will,
And through the stately portico
The freshening breeze may come and go.
But long shall the time of building be,
For none are the builders but God and me.

Written for *The Beacon*.

A Summer Santa Claus.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

"HE was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot," and he really did come down a chimney one night and bring something with him.

David and Daisy, you see, had gone out to the country for a visit to Aunt Elizabeth, and their father and mother were to join them in a few days, so that they might all celebrate mother's birthday together the next week. When Aunt Elizabeth unpacked the children's trunk, she drew out two small white packages.

"Oh, those are our birthday presents for mother," explained David. "There's a ring in the little box and a pin in the other, and father said one was for me to give her and the other was for Daisy to give her."

"I choose the ring present," put in flyaway little Daisy.

"Oh, I wanted the ring for my present," objected David in a disappointed tone. But after all, Daisy was a girl and the baby of the family.

"All right, Dee," he sighed, and Aunt Elizabeth kissed him and called him a little gentleman. Then she laid the two little packages away in a small drawer in her workstand and sent the children out to play;

but on the night before their mother's birthday, Daisy's box was missing.

"Don't you know anything about it, dear?" asked Aunt Elizabeth. Daisy shook her head.

"Maybe I hid it somewhere," she answered doubtfully.

"But where did you hide it, dear?" continued Aunt Elizabeth.

"I—I forget to remember," returned Daisy.

The house was carefully searched, but the straying package did not come to light, and when the birthday presents began to gather in a large chair in the living-room, Daisy burst into tears. "I want my mother's present," she wailed.

"I'm afraid you'll have to go shares with her on your pin, David, old man," said David's father. David's face grew sober. He longed for the whole of his mother's attention and all of her thank-you kiss when she found the pin in its bed of pink cotton.

She lost her own present herself, father," he pleaded.

"Yes, I know," nodded his father, "but big, strong fellows like us have to take care of little weak things like that, don't we?"

"Well, all right, father," agreed little knight David, trying to smile in spite of a lumpy feeling in his throat. So Daisy's name was added to David's on the remaining package, and the dimples came out again on little sister's face.

Not long afterward the two children were tucked into their cots on the little sleeping-porch close to Aunt Elizabeth's room. They were soon sound asleep, but in the middle of the night David was awakened by a queer noise in his aunt's room—a scratching, hitching sort of noise. David sat up in bed to listen. Slide—slip—slip—slide. There was something in the big chimney. Suddenly some soot fell on the hearth of the fire-place, and flip, flop! something landed on the bricks.

"Aunt Elizabeth," called David, his heart beating like a drum, "something's come down your chimney." Aunt Elizabeth jumped up, turned on a light and flung on a kimono. Daisy sleepily opened her eyes.

"Is Santa Claus coming?" she asked drowsily.

"We can hardly expect Santa Claus in summer," laughed Aunt Elizabeth, going toward the mantel. "Ah, here is our midnight visitor," she added quickly. "Come see him, children."

The little folk crept curiously into their aunt's room. There, on one of the brass andirons, sat a little figure. Not a jolly little man in a red coat and cap, but a small creature with a pricked-up head, bright eyes, a flat tail and four furry feet.

"It's a flying-squirrel," whispered Aunt Elizabeth. "One of them drops down my chimney once in a while to call on me."

David and Daisy scampered away to the high four-poster and curled up among the pillows to watch the gay little guest.

First he made a long, flying leap to Aunt Elizabeth's dressing-table, where he frisked about among the bottles and boxes and brushes, and then off he went to the high mantel. He skipped in and out of vases, ran up and down the clock, and played hide-and-seek behind the candlesticks. Next he scrambled up the curtains, tripped along the curtain-rod and then, with a wonderful spring, landed upon the bed and tiptoed over David's feet. How the children giggled at his antics!

"But now we must catch him and put him

out," decided Aunt Elizabeth at last, "or we'll have no more sleep all night."

Master Squirrel had no mind to be captured, but finally Aunt Elizabeth coaxed him into a scrap-basket, clapped a large writing-pad over the top, and was on her way to lift the screen of the window opening on the veranda roof when she heard a shout from David.

She glanced back, and, would you believe it? that sprightly little animal had drawn himself out as flat as a sheet of paper, slipped through the slats of the basket, and was now tripping lightly along behind her! At last, however, he was trapped in a more closely woven basket, carried to the window and set free upon the roof. Aunt Elizabeth returned to the fireplace, stooped and picked up something from the bricks. Then she broke into a laugh and waved a rather dingy little square parcel at the children.

"See what our summer Santa Claus has knocked down out of the chimney, youngsters," she said. "It's the box with Daisy's ring in it, I do declare!"

"Oh, I 'member of that now," smiled Daisy. "I put it up on that little shelf in the chimney so's nobody but me could give it to mother."

"Now we'll each have a present all to ourselves," beamed David.

The Daisy's Mistake.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

THE daisy tells fortunes—a gipsy is she—

And so, as I played in the field to-day,
I chose a white blossom that nodded at me
And tossed her white frills in a saucy sweet way.

"She loves—loves me *not*!" Oh, my fortune is done!

I've counted twice over each petal so fair.
"Oh, daisy, you're wrong! Did you say it in fun?"

My mother *does* love me! I'm *certain*—so there!"

I'm a Pirate.

BY ANNETTE WYNNE.

I'M a pirate in the grass—

Hear, ye people, as ye pass;
I'm a pirate bad and bold
Taking dandelion gold,—
All my hands and ships can hold.

I'm a pirate—how the sun
Glitters on the gold I've won;
I shall buy you house and land
And a castle silver-grand
With this gold within my hand.

A military journal relates an amusing story of a Highlander who, on being shown over a man-o'-war for the first time in his life, was keenly interested in all he saw. The marines seemed particularly to impress him, and going up to one, he pointed to the badge on the marine's cap and asked him what it was. The marine, anxious to score off the visitor, looked at him in surprise.

"Don't you know what it is?" he asked. "Why, that's a turnip, of course."

"Man," replied the Scot, impatiently, "I was no' axin' about yer heid."

Our Dumb Animals.



PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



By Margaret Anderson.

ISN'T IT FUN?

SUMMER JOYS.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

WHEN the warm weather comes, oh,
isn't it fun
Gaily out of the house to run,
Without any arctics or sweaters or caps
(They're all tucked away for their long
winter naps)!

And doesn't it feel deliciously cool
In a gingham frock to skip to school,
Or when lessons are done to search for
flowers,
Or sit in the garden and read for hours!

But really the jolliest time of all
Is when the shadows begin to fall.
We play hide-and-seek beneath the trees,
Or tag, or anything else we please.

The treetoad's notes are piping high,
The new moon shines in the western sky,
Then we're off to bed, with mother's kiss,
To dream of another day just like this.

The Family Upstairs.

BY LOUISE M. HAYNES.

LET'S play house in that big
hollow tree. I'll get the dinner
ready and you can stay around
until I call you," said Ahla.

George and Willie ran into the woods
shouting, "Be sure to call us when
you are ready!"

Ahla gathered her hat full of acorn
cups and saucers and round-shaped
leaves, and with baby Esther's help
spread the leaves to serve as plates
on a flat stone inside the hollow willow
tree, and put the acorn cups and
saucers at each one's place.

"I know Mother will let us have
some wild strawberries. She would

not let us eat any other kind of berry
for fear it might be poison, but straw-
berries are very safe."

Ahla went up the sunny hillside
behind the tree and picked a handful
of berries.

"I'll put them on this leaf platter
in the center of the table and then we'll
be ready to call the boys," she told
Esther.

"Rat, tat, tat," sounded outside.

"Here they are now," Ahla whis-
pered. "Come in," she called.

"Tum in," echoed baby Esther.

There was no one in sight. Ahla
peered outside and around the tree,
thinking the boys might be hiding
somewhere behind it.

"They must be teasing us, Baby,"
and the little girl sat where she could
see any one approach the tree and,
drawing the baby into her lap, listened.

"Tat, tat, tat, tat,"—there it was
again.

"Boys, come," Ahla called.

George and Willie ran to the big
tree from the woods some distance
away.

"Dinner is ready, will you walk in?"
said Ahla, still wondering who could
have made the tapping.

"Goody, I'm glad we came, aren't
you, Willie? Look at the plate of
fruit in the center of the table."

"Now please be polite, boys, and
don't grab," Ahla said in her most
grown-up voice. "Esther, will you
have a red strawberry?"

"Tap, tap, tap."

"Come in," shouted George and
Willie together.

"That is the same noise again,"
cried Ahla. "What makes it?"

The boys hurried outside and looked
around. No one was in sight.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded overhead.

"Look up there. It's a wood-
pecker and I'll bet there are some
young ones in that hole near him.
See, he just took a worm out of
the bark of the tree and is feeding
them. See the little heads pop up
to the hole! Now he's tapping the
tree for another worm."

The children watched with great
interest, and the boys even forgot
the juicy red strawberries waiting
for them inside the tree.

"I must tell Father to leave a
good many of the hollow limbs and
trees in the woods, so the wood-
peckers can have homes in them,"
said George. "Just think how much
good they must do our trees when
they dig borer worms out of them
like that."

"I know how much harm borer
worms can do," Willie added.

"Father showed me a log one day that
was lying on the ground, and you could
see how the borer worms had eaten
into it and killed it. We must tell
Father what good friends are working
for him in his woods."

"We did not know when we sat
down to our dinner in the tree that
we had a nice family living upstairs,"—
Ahla remarked,—"Mr. and Mrs.
Pecker and their children."

They all laughed and, suddenly
remembering the sweet wild straw-
berries they had left uneaten in the
downstairs apartment of the hollow
tree, all seated themselves at their
little table and ate as heartily of the
strawberries as the baby woodpeckers
had of the borer worms.

THE SAUCER PIE.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

MOTHER'S baking pies to-day,
And goody-goody!—See!
She's made a little saucer one
Especially for me.

Underneath a flaky crust

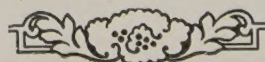
That's trimmed with leaf and spray,
Red cherries, sugar, butter, spice,
Are neatly packed away.

In the oven now it goes

To bake awhile, and then
All crusty, fragrant, juicy, rich,
The pie comes out again.

To the shaded, quiet swing
I take my dainty treat.

And now I want a little friend
To come and help me eat.





THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

With this number *The Beacon* discontinues publication until the first Sunday in October. Our Club now has a membership of 1,888 boys and girls, representing almost every State in the Union, Canada, and several countries across the sea. During these vacation days let us each try to do our full share in the great task in which we are all engaged of winning freedom for the world. And in our autumn letters let us tell of some of the ways we found of being helpful. A story in this issue, "Other Things and Yarn," will suggest some of the things we may do, and we shall find many ways of service if we are on the lookout for them.

717 E. JOHNSON STREET,
MADISON, WIS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I already am a member of the Beacon Club, but, I am sorry to admit, I lost my Club pin, and, although I have hunted, I have never been able to find it. I wonder if you would please send me another? I read *The Beacon* every Sunday.

I go to the First Unitarian Church of Madison. Mrs. Frankenburger is my Sunday school teacher. At present we have no minister.

I am in the seventh grade of the Lincoln School. We are very much interested in our Thrift Stamp speeches, now.

I want to tell you how much I enjoy the current or historical events in *The Beacon*. At school, we are asked to prepare topics, and the articles I have

read in *The Beacon* helped me immensely. I should be very sorry if these were not continued. But the nicest thing in *The Beacon* is the beautiful pictures.

Your little friend,
MATILDA SWEET.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Girl Scouts of West Newton. My Sunday school teacher is Miss Pratt and I like her very much. Every Sunday afternoon I read *The Beacon* and Father helps me to solve some of the puzzles. I liked "The Jumpers Pay Their Way" very much. Is there a corner in *The Beacon* for my letter?

Yours truly,
KATHARINE RICH.

DAVENPORT, IA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am a little boy and my name is Webster Keith Mason. I am a Unitarian and I am in the Sunday school. We had a morality play called "The House of the Heart." I was in it and I took the part of "Experience." We had many visitors and one of the visitors was Mr. Lawrance of Boston.

Yours truly,
WEBSTER KEITH MASON.

Other new members of our Club are Mary I. Hammond, New London, Conn.; Letha V. Beverage, Portland, Me.; Morris Midtbruget, Hanska, Minn.; a class of thirteen boys and girls in the Sunday school of Bell Street Chapel, Providence, R.I.; Augustus F. Hosmer, Littleton, Mass.; and a class of nine girls in the Sunday school of Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Sunday School News.

THE following interesting bit of information about the Sunday school in Toledo, Ohio, is sent by Mr. F. H. Aldrich:

"When Mr. Gauld left for France I was asked to take the superintendency until some one should be duly elected. I am still, according to the records, the 'whole thing,' BUT—

"My first official act was to post this slogan with its accompanying lines:

"SOMETHING DOING ALL THE WHILE.

"It's not somebody doing everything
That makes a Sunday school;
But everybody doing something—
That's the better rule.
With everybody willing,
And working with a smile,
Then there's something doing—
Something doing all the while.

"So each teacher, every other Sunday, takes a turn at superintending, and is expected to take from five to ten minutes in telling a story or putting on some stunt that will entertain the school. This brings out latent talent and gives us a chance to see who is the best timber for a permanent superintendent when we get ready for one.

"I detail just as much of the secretary's work out among the scholars as possible: one delivers teachers' books, another gathers them up, one distributes papers, another mans the Victrola, another the cradle-roll, etc.

"Our closing Patriotic Song Service is a very popular feature; many churchgoers come

early to hear it. Here is where we use the Victrola, to learn the music of the new songs as they come out—not all of them—just the best."

The Superintendent of the Sunday school of the First Parish in Hingham, Mass., Mr. Charles H. Johnson, a man of large experience, tells something of his methods:

"As soon last summer as possible," he says, "I met the parish assessors and asked for a special appropriation of three hundred dollars. Being able to outline to them just what I wanted to do, this was readily granted, one man remarking, 'For my part, I am glad to find some one who knows what he wants to do.' I have a paid supervisor over each section of the school. By the use of printer's ink I have kept the name and work of the school before the parish and townspeople all the time. I use quite a space in the monthly calendar.

"I found a group of thirty-six boys and girls all in the high school. I organized them into a Y. P. R. Union, allowing the girls to retain the name 'Cornish Club.' After the opening service of our school they meet for a brief business session, then they separate. I have a paid teacher for the boys, from our public school. Mr. Schumacher and I conduct the lesson for the girls. Every month I give this Union some responsible work, and the results thus far are very satisfactory. They took charge of and gave the Christmas entertainment. From this group I hope to train future teachers for the school."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXI.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 19, 13, is something we all hate now.
My 4, 7, 8, 9, is what we go to the opera to hear people do.
My 22, 14, 2, 20, 26, is something we have to put on all our letters before we mail them.
My 10, 5, 6, 21, is what we must do to raise any amount of money.
My 11, 19, 20, is a house pet.
My 14, 35, 15, 8, is something we use to travel in.
My 6, 24, 22, 12, is something used to hold flowers.
My 17, 23, is a preposition.
My 16, 19, 18, 21, is a part of the body.
My whole is something we all ought to have.

CONSTANCE CLEAVELAND.

ENIGMA LXXII.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 2, 6, 5, is a numeral.
My 8, 7, 1, is a precious object.
My 4, 2, 6, is a weight.
My 8, 10, 3, 7, is a past participle.
My 8, 9, 5, 7, 3, is a color.
My whole is one of the Allies.

LEON S. HOWE, Jr.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 33.

ENIGMA LXVI.—Knitting for the soldiers.

ENIGMA LXVII.—Providence.

TWISTED ARMY OFFICERS' RANKS.—1. Second Lieutenant. 2. First Lieutenant. 3. Captain. 4. Major. 5. Lieutenant Colonel. 6. Colonel. 7. Brigadier General. 8. Major General. 9. Lieutenant General. 10. General.

WORD SQUARE.—BASE

ABEL

SEEK

ELKS

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Hot Springs.

CHARADE.—Bobolink.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA LXVIII.—Benjamin Franklin.

ENIGMA LXIX.—Robert L. Stevenson.

SOME TWISTED GIRLS' NAMES.—1. Violet. 2. Myrtle. 3. Ada. 4. Edna. 5. Irene. 6. Celia. 7. Bertha. 8. Martha. 9. Constance. 10. Rose.

A DIAMOND.—

P
MEN
MARIA
PERFECT
NIECE
ACE
T

Answers to puzzles have been received from Olive Adlard, Dunkirk, N.Y.; Mary Beals, Walpole, Mass.; Amy C. Bygrave, Concord, Mass.; Elsie Sheinker, Dorchester, Mass.; Helen Symonds, Salem, Mass.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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